


ALUMNI ALUMNI ALUMNI

The Shield
A Book of Memories
for the
Class of 1951

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Scene: Early August

"See you made it back."

"Here we go again."

"Another day, another scholar."

Those were the sounds of welcome that echoed through the halls on August 29, 1950, as the first of 435 students drifted back to Joliet Junior College. With them came five teachers new to the faculty: Paul Johnson, speech, Georgina Smith, home economics, Albert Resis, social studies, Ralph Kohl, physical education, and James Thompson, social studies.

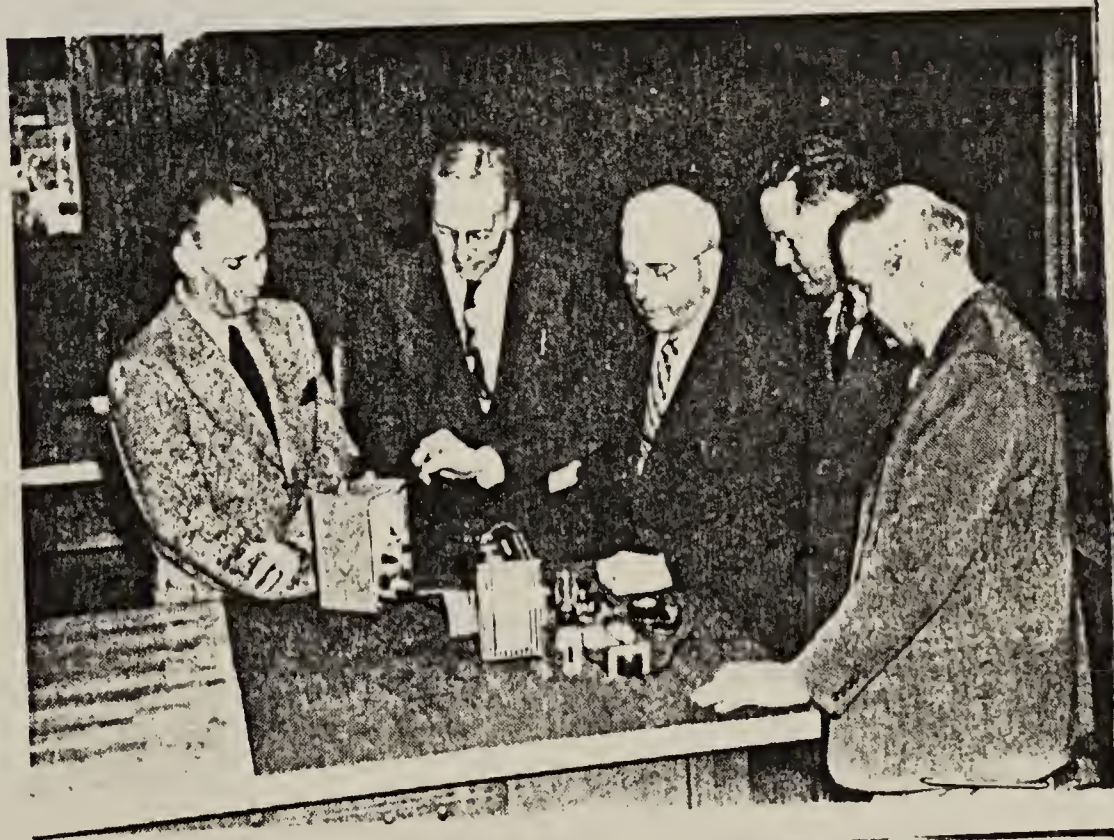
In two days, folks registered, paid their fees, had pictures taken for their privilege cards, dusted out their lockers, and prepared the rec room for its sessions of euchre. By Friday of that first week, the place was beginning to look normal. The usual routine of class work, study, athletics, social events got the fall under way at even keel.

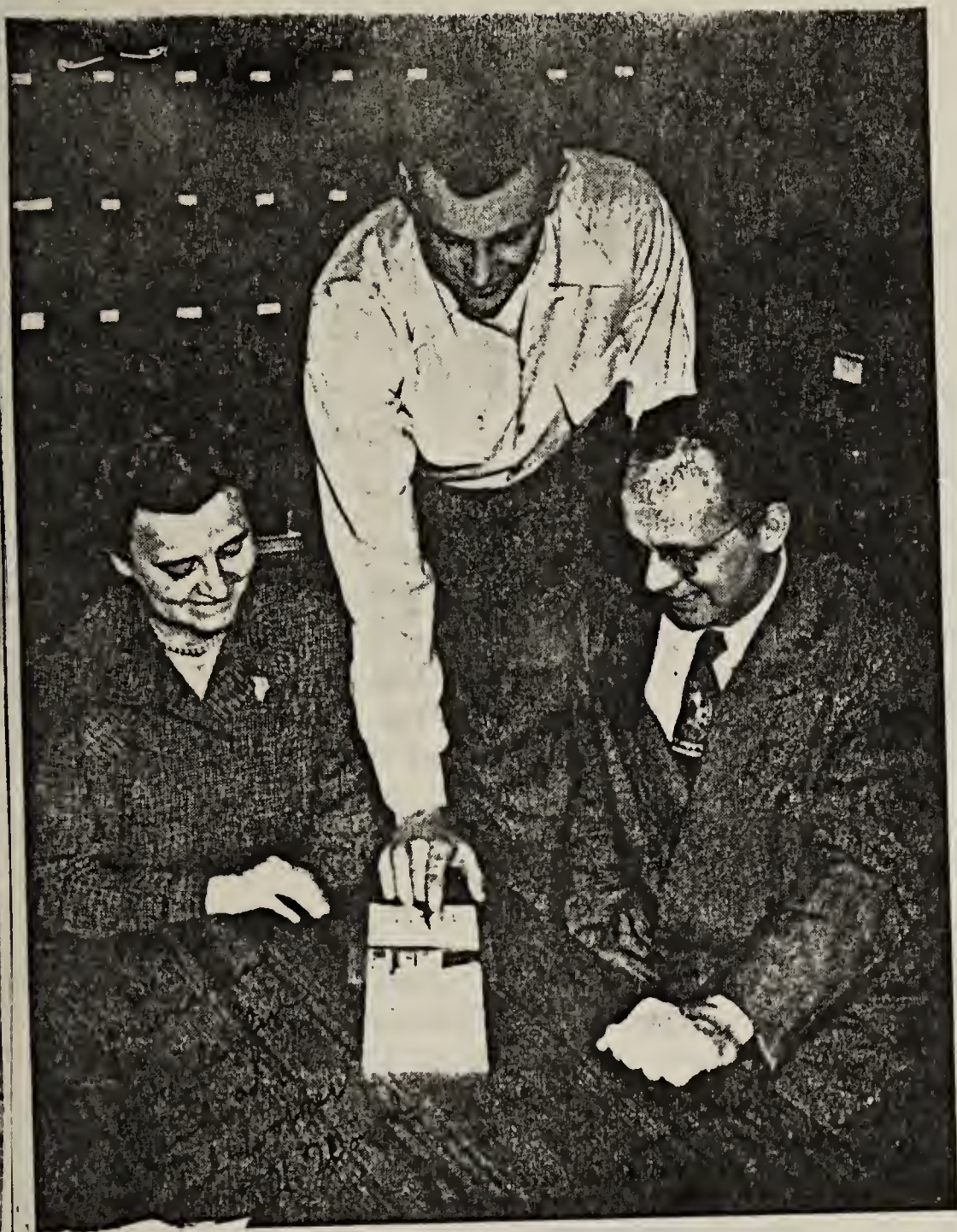
But things were different, too-

Underneath the apparent routine, two undercurrents kept life at JJC from getting dull.

First, the school prepared to celebrate its golden anniversary. Even before classes opened, the deans were forming plans for the birthday party. Letters arriving from all parts of the nation gave evidence of the interest educators were giving to the school.

From California, for instance, came four college officials to study the local junior college: W. Craig Thomas, Compton Junior College; George H. Bell, San Antonio Junior College; Daniel B. Milliken, Chaffey Junior College; and Peter L. Spencer, Claremont College. Included in their examination of all the school's facilities was a visit to the physics laboratory, where department chairman Robert L. Price explained some equipment.





"One of the 12 firsts of American Education." That's what the 1951 calendar published by the American Book Company said of the institutionalizing of the junior college in 1901. Rudy Skul, newly elected president of the sophomore class, points out the tribute in the calendar to Deans Elmer Rowley and Susan Wood.

The School Is Studied, Too

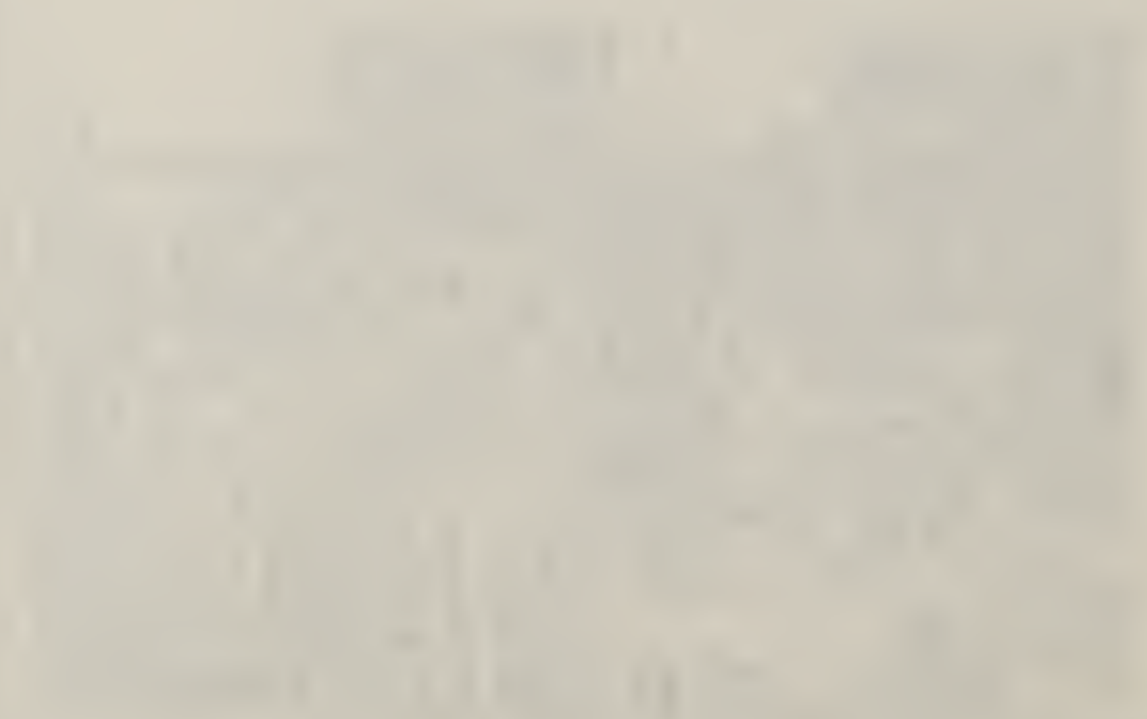
From all over the country, and outside the nation as well, came messages and inquiries about the program of Joliet Junior College. The University of Illinois sent in letters about the excellence of the science department, the new bulletin, and the home economics department, greatly expanded this year. From Germany came Klara Stumpf and Albert Schwab to examine democracy as put into action by youth in American schools. Examining student administration in the Student Council, the BLAZER staff, and other activities, they left impressed and inspired, they indicated, with the maturity, freedom, and feeling of responsibility of American college students.

Child study students Roberta Morrissey and Estelle Voira supervise the conduct of youngsters in the nursery school operated by JJC as a training center. Under the sponsorship of Miss Georgina Smith, the school was a new development in the curriculum this year.



THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES

The history of the United States is a story of growth and change. It begins with the first settlers, who came to the Americas in search of a new life. They found a land of opportunity, but also a land of challenge. The early years were marked by conflict and struggle, as the settlers fought to establish a new society. Over time, the United States grew from a small colony into a powerful nation. It has faced many challenges, but it has always emerged stronger and more united. The story of the United States is a story of hope and achievement.



The War Comes Home

The second major development to affect the college was the war. General Douglas MacArthur was recalled from Korea, and Democrats and Republicans lined up in classrooms to debate the wisdom of President Harry Truman's action. Questions about the draft became prominent; the "4-F" jokes were resumed. Administrators debated policies concerning enrollments for the 1951-52 school year. General Hershey announced, in late March, the plan for the controversial problem of student deferment.

Inducement for maintenance of high academic standing was generated with the announcement that deferments would be based on grades and on examinations sponsored by the government and administered at strategic points throughout the country; Joliet was one of these points. Tension mounted as May 26, the date of the first examination, approached. Other exams are to be held on June 16 and June 30.

Familiar faces around school began to disappear early in the first semester. Normal dropouts claimed some victims. A few students took jobs. By press time, however, 36 men had given up their books for uniforms. The list includes:

Ronald Watkins	Angelo Principali
Paul McGuire	Russell Peterson
Richard Barklow	John Stevens
Robert Woodman	Harold Swinford
John Babecki	Robert Merrick
Leonard Engelhardt	Ed Matia
William O'Leary	Lloyd Kingsbury
Donald Jerzycke	Kenneth Swinford
Robert Doyle	Roger Holden
Raymond Gunhouse	George Tillman
Donald Seeman	Lloyd Lundberg
Robert L. Johnson	Roy Larson
Louis Ochs	Angelo Casten
Bradford Jones	Robert Murphy
Willard Prynn	Tom Robertson
Charles Stoakes	Joe Dwyer
Louis Stanerson	Kenneth Oldani
Norman Swanson	Joe Lazzaro



While these men were in training or in front line action, Joliet and the junior college felt a somber note in their activities. The dean called a special assembly on civilian defense — with compulsory attendance. Ed Puddicombe discussed defense against atomic warfare and showed a movie, "Pattern for Survival." Rear Admiral Austin Doyle, commander of the Glenview Naval Air Station, was speaker at the Armistice Day program, and his message, too, sounded a warning for the future.

*But not all the news was
depressing*

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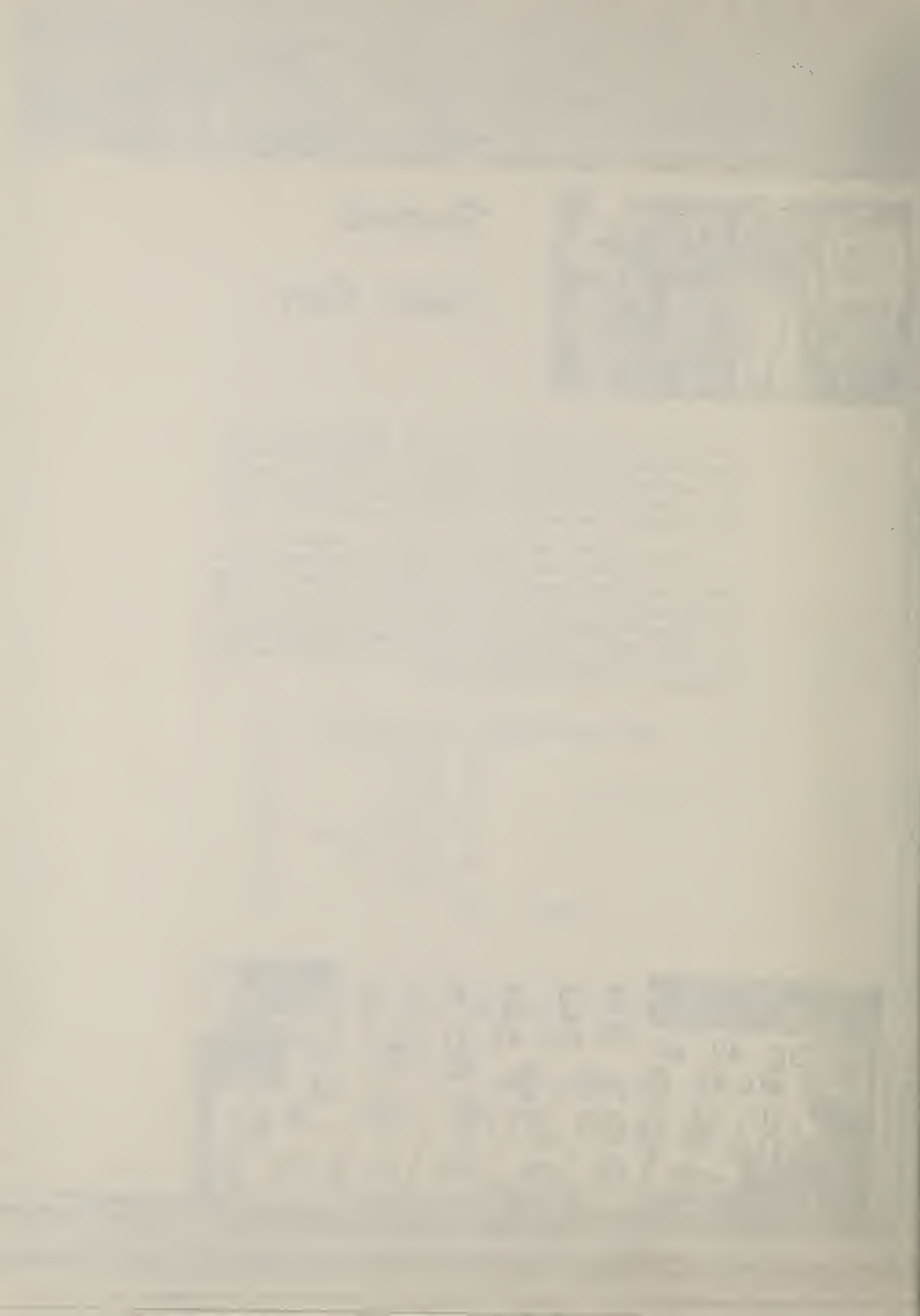
Football Takes Over

Starting with nothing but spirit and hand-me-down equipment, 30 men working with Coaches Herm Walser and Roy Carlson surprised the state with a football team which, in its first year of play, blocked down all opposition until it was thrown back by an upstart Thornton team. The season record: 7 won, 1 lost.

JJC's reputation was spreading. Evidence cluttered the offices of the physical education department in the form of invitations to compete with other junior college grid teams throughout the country. The appeal that drew the most attention was the offer made by Compton Junior College, Compton, California. After several weeks of negotiations, the contract was signed, and on October 5, our Wolves invade the West for the first intersectional athletic contest in the school's history.

Joliet Junior College	19, North Central B	0
	46, North Park	0
	61, Wilson	6
	33, Morton	6
	13, Thornton	20
	19, De Kalb Normal	6
	66, Morgan Park	0
	7, Wright	6
Totals	244	44





Individuals won honors, too. When the season had ended, equipment had been stored in moth balls, and final tabulations of statistics were made, Coach Walser announced that teammates had elected Jack Ostrem honorary captain and Jim Miscewicz most valuable player on the 1951 squad.

The startling news came a week later, however, when officials of the junior college conference announced that five local players had been appointed to the Junior College All-Star football team:

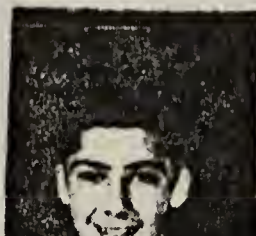
Bob Brophy—end

Matt Connors—guard

Jack Ostrem—tackle

Tom Winterstein—guard

John Bourg—quarterback







Wolves Repeat as Cag

There was talk for a while of an undefeated season for our basketball team, but two powerful squads from Bradley U. and a group of Big 10 All-Stars destroyed that hope. In all, the Wolves won 25 and lost 3 for the season:



JJC 44, Kendall 42
 59, Elgin 33
 67, Benton Harbor 49
 78, Moline 43
 71, Concordia 47
 94, Moline 46
 104, Great Lakes 45
 115, Evanston 58
 88, Thornton 58
 71, LaGrange 56
 87, Elgin 58
 80, Morgan Park 33
 57, Tri State (Ind.) 34
 79, Burlington 61
 89, Evanston 41
 86, Muscatine (Ia.) 46
 64, Benton Harbor 55
 55, LaGrange 49
 78, Thornton 46
 73, Burlington 57
 59, Morgan Park 44
 75, Fond du Lac 54
 58, Bradley Frosh 80
 69, Bradley Reserves 72
 58, Mid-West All Stars 82

Baseball: It's

The outlook for the baseball season was like the weather—gloomy. Continual rain handicapped baseball talent by making practice impossible. It also caused the postponement of many scheduled games, making a tough schedule tougher.

Some games did get played, though. There was no repetition of the record last year's championship squad assembled. As a matter of fact, the Wolves lost the first three games before winning one. The main difficulty was hitting. Carl Adams was getting a few knocks, and so was Jim Cannon, but from that point on, base hits were meager. Fielding wasn't bad, and Cannon was turning in some top pitching performances, holding the opponents down to two or three hits per game. Still it wasn't enough.



Spring Again

Player	Year	Position
Adams, Carl	2	Infielder
Baker, Jack	1	Pitcher
Denovellis, Al	2	Infielder
Doyle, Bill	1	Catcher
Fagan, Ron	1	Outfielder
Cannon, Jim	2	Pitcher
Gutierrez, Bob	2	Outfielder
Hefferle, Denny	2	Pitcher
Heis, Joe	1	Infielder
Kraker, John	1	Pitcher
Misewicz, Jim	1	Outfielder
Muir, Lee	1	Pitcher
Nagra, Bud	2	Outfielder
Plagenz, Richard	1	Outfielder
Rodeghro, John	2	Catcher
Takacs, John	1	Catcher



At press time, the season record stands this way:

Joliet	1,	LaSalle Peru	2
	2,	Great Lakes	22
	3,	Thornton	4
	8,	Elgin	0



Other Sports Activities

While less spectacular than football and basketball, golf, tennis and bowling held a considerable amount of interest in season.



Tennis season opens as we go to press. The squad this year includes two veterans from last year, Richard Lambakis and Ralph Tongue. Added strength is being furnished by three former members of the JTHS squad, Richard Dragavon, Fred Wicevic, and Richard Swanson. Last season's netters had a record of four won, five lost. The team expects to do as well, or better, this year.

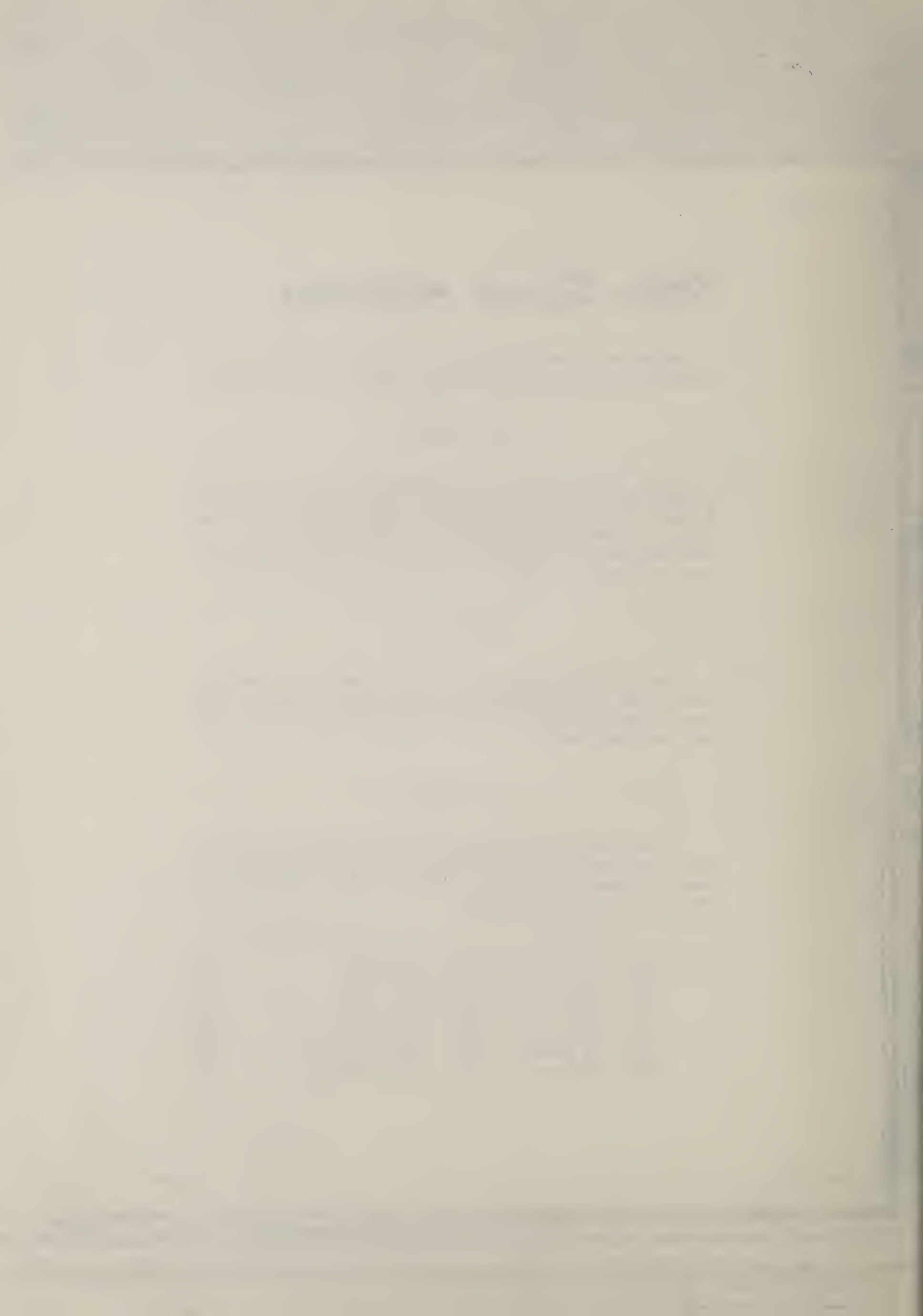


The golf team ended up with a third in the state tournament. Leading the squad for Joliet was Henry Bourg. The rest of the team included Jay Fagan, Bob Timm, Frank Wicevic, Ken Swinford, and Ken Johnson.



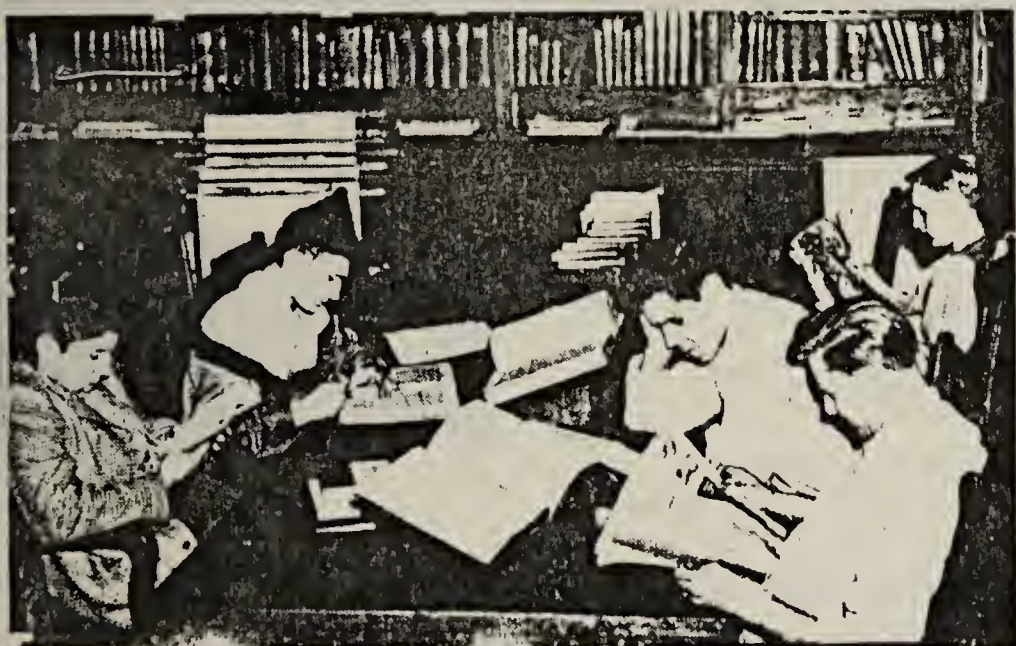
A newly organized bowling team won six straight matches before being upset by previously beaten LaGrange. In post-season playoffs, handicaps held the team rank down; the boys placed third in the high scratch series.

Matches				Season Averages	
Joliet	2540	North Central	2338	Don Ladas	180
	2490	Naperville	2406	Lev Peterson	170
	2401	North Central	2400	Bill Pfeiffer	160
	2470	JJC Faculty	2467	Don Feeney	160
	2480	LaGrange	2260	Matt Staniszewski	158
	2410	JJC Faculty	2240	Henry Bourg	155
	2360	LaGrange	2471	Art Thompson	150





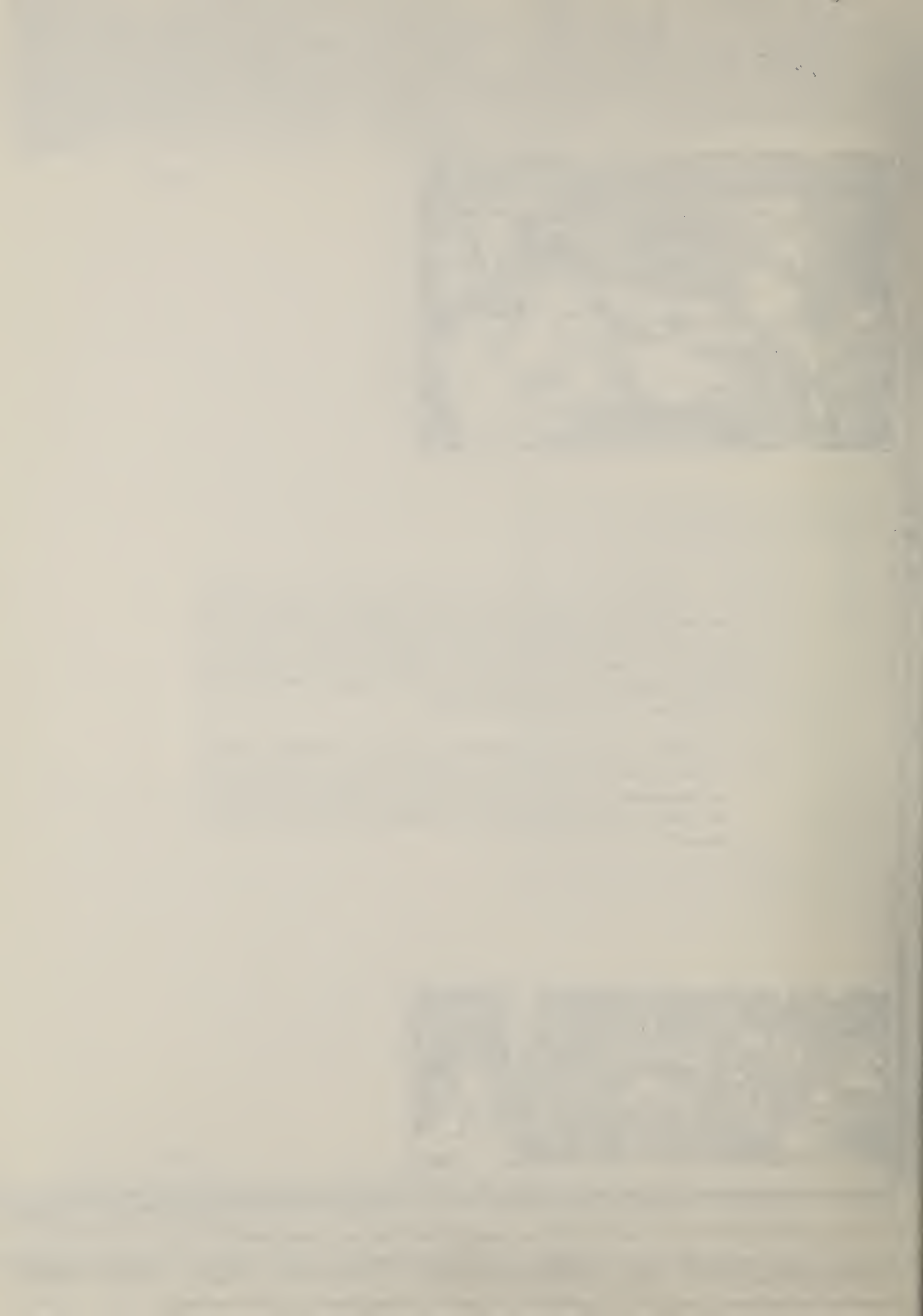
Backstage hands worked hard to produce the original sets created by Director B. F. Johnston, who designed original costumes too. Costumes were made here in school by the Home Economics department under the supervision of Miss Ellen Nelson.



Less glamorous than all the exciting events was news about studies. Actually there was no news. Students studied in the same way that generations of their predecessors here studied. The library had acquired the turntables and an adequate set of records. More and newer books occupied the library shelves. And there were the inevitable term papers.

Classes were still exploring the community. Members of SMS visited medical installations throughout the state. Geology classes explored sites of unusual rock formations. Journalism staff members saw a commercial newspaper produced at the Chicago "Daily News."







The BLAZER staff kept itself more occupied than usual. Chris Bruskas took over the editorship in January. The group put out its usual 15 editions, but one was a special edition, including the Senior Supplement, distributed to 1500 senior students in 14 high schools in the Joliet area. The Associated Collegiate Press announced last fall that The BLAZER had qualified for a First-Place Honor rating in its annual national contest. That put the BLAZER up among the five best in the nation in its class. Editor Bruskas and his predecessor, Joanne Martie, had reason for satisfaction, as they received the certificate.

The Senior Supplement was one of several attempts to inform high school seniors about the junior college. The success of our athletic teams was another indication that people knew about our school. But we didn't stop there. In conjunction with JTHS, the deans sponsored an open house. Hundreds of visitors attended, one group, shown below, visiting Everett Nelson's zoology laboratory.





Hal Dellinger's musical organizations were called upon frequently throughout the year. The season opened on November 19 when the Choir combined with the Junior College Community Little Symphony and the JTHS Choir to present a program of classical and semi-classical music. Musical groups gave performances for civic groups throughout the year, and in spring they went on tour to many high schools in Will County.

The rapidly improving band was on hand at all football and most of the basketball games. Featured by the band was a new loyalty song composed by Ed Matia, Charles Ursitti, and Angelo Principali.

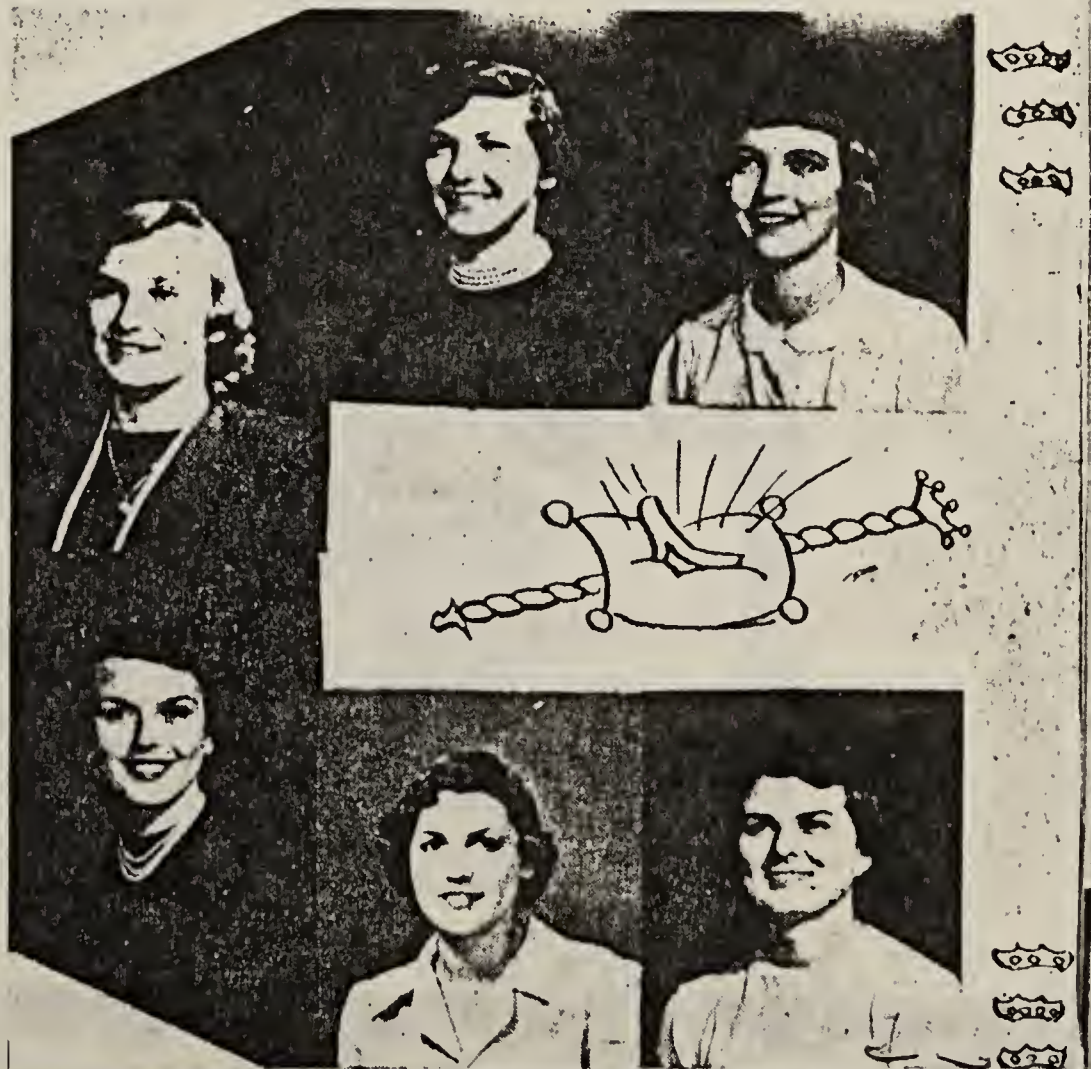
Highlight of the year's activities in the music department is the comic operetta presented May 27. "R.S.V.P.", by Jacques Offenbach, has a cast of John Howard, Joan Hartley, Leora Fatland, James Jaskoviak, Glenn Ringfelt, Louis Xigogianis, Ray Webster, Kathy Morrison, the entire chorus and accompanist Edith Beaudry.

Some of JJC's faculty members came in for some special attention during the year. Miss Catherine Wood's hair suddenly changed to blond for her appearance as the lead in the Joliet Y Player's spring play, "Goodbye, My Fancy." Ed Puddicombe was commissioned to write a textbook, and Albert Resis was invited to contribute a chapter to a new textbook on teaching of social studies in the junior college. Dr. Ben Hur Wilson was speaker at a conference held at Harvard University. Frank Renner announced the creation of the "car of the future," the Renner, featuring a three wheel design and an all plastic body. Miss Catherine Adler was speaker at a conference on teaching sponsored by Northwestern University. Miss Lottie Skidmore was chosen chairman of a national committee to study junior college libraries. Miss Mary Louise Fisher was elected secretary-treasurer of the Illinois Council of Mathematics Teachers. E. S. McLain was identified as donor of several string instruments to the high school orchestra; he made the instruments himself.





The social whirl emphasized, as usual, two formal dances. Each had its special points of interest. Six queen candidates were nominated by school organizations. Shown below from top right around are Susy Davis, WAA, Connie Cryder, Student Council, Marilyn Wills, SMS, Joan Setina, Engineers Club, Dorothy Kohl, Choir and Band, and Catherine Anzelc, College Men's Y.







Voting was heavy and tension great. As the crowd gathered around, the sophomore class president, Marty Gleason, announced the winner to be Dorothy Kohl. Cinderella for the night, Dorothy graciously accepted a dozen American Beauty roses and a choker, and with her escort, led the grand march.





The spring formal, too, had its excitement. Most of it was centered around the selection of a band, the Student Council feeling the time had come for a big name musical organization to play. A committee investigated schedules and fees of many of the outstanding orchestras in the nation, and submitted its report. The decision: Eddy Howard, an outstanding composer and a hit maker in popular music.

With an attraction like Howard, it was a cinch to pack the JT gym Friday, May 11, for the prom.



Strictly novelty, but a lot of fun—that was the note set by the student body for the second annual Sadie Hawkins' Day festivities April 20. Dog Patch, U.S.A., customs and costumes were borrowed for the day, and carried even to the atmosphere of the dance. The Kenosha Corn Huskers piped the tune, while dervishes in slacks, jeans and sport shirts did square dance routines.





Reviewing the Year

We find a few dates and events we should not neglect . . . October 20 . . . Enthusiastic football fans helped their first grid squad celebrate its first homecoming (we beat Morton 33-6 to make the occasion a success) . . . December 12 . . . WAA holds its annual Mother-Daughter Tea. The Chorale entertained . . . December 18 . . . The halls emptied in a hurry as students rushed out to work, finish term papers, or sleep through the 10 days of Christmas-vacation . . . December 31 . . . More than 1000 dancers celebrated New Year's Eve in the JT gym at the junior college's annual New Year's Eve Dance . . . January 8 . . . Moans and groans were the prevailing music as exams started . . . January 19 . . . Classes for the second semester started with many taking the vow (again) that this year would be different . . . March 23 . . . Good Friday, the prelude to a week's vacation . . . May 26 . . . The men took exams today, but they're for more than a grade. Some will be back in school next year. Many will be in uniform . . . May 29 . . . The semester is almost ended; exams start . . . June 1 . . . Exams end . . . June 6 . . . This is it. This is commencement day. This is the end.





Literary Gems

Selected from the

Writings of the

English Classes





The Art of Loafing

Loafing! It is the pet peeve of busy teachers, the paradise supreme of the hobo, and the reward that accompanies and graces strains of gray hair.

The world is moving at such a pace that even Buck Rogers, with his super-sonic space-ships, is in danger of being left behind. With the world in a state of flux, man has lost the art of loafing. The eager, hustle-bustle business man prays for "Oh, just one holiday." But when the holiday arrives he finds himself in a stalemate, bored, frustrated, uneasy. He is comparable to a motor car spinning around and around, in a state of perpetual motion, as if its very life depended on its spinning. Any moment the switch may snap and the motor will spin no more.

Society as a whole looks down on the lowest type of civilized homo-sapiens, the common loafer. But to the bored banker, who observes the reclining position of the vagabond, he alone is the master of a mechanical world. Not by clocks nor the clicking of superior heels are his days regulated, nor by the artificial light that man has made to supplement the sun. He is a creature of independence, like the bald eagle of our republic.

As I leisurely walked down the street, I saw two such specimens leaning against an aged hickory tree. Their clothing resembled something Hollywood tried to put on Frankenstein. Their sun ripened faces reflected good living. Their beards would have indeed sparked some pride to the House of David. Indeed, their beards looked tough enough to make Gillette Blue blades turn red.

But hush, let us now join the conversation of two very prominent, dignified bums. With an unhappy expression the older of the two says, "This business of bumming around isn't what it's cracked up to be. Thinking of all the nights I spend dodging cops, using the long finger method to confiscate food, and not being wanted, gets me just plumb tickered out and disgusted."

To this the younger bum replied with disgust, "If you don't like this type of skilled occupation, why don't you get yourself a job?"

At this unexpected suggestion, his companion sprang up, as an American would if a Russian in the U. N. suddenly said "yes,"



and with a mellow tone that resembled the calm before a storm,
he replied, "What! And admit I'm a failure?"

Don Moorman

English 2

I Wondered

As I watched the old man, I wondered
What he was like in his youthful years,
Where he succeeded and where he blundered,
What were his secret, latent fears?

Can he look back on his previous years
With memories more sprinkled with smiles than tears?
Or does he look back with pangs of regret
On ambitions that failed, or misfortunes he met?

Does my youth cause him envy, or does he reason
That youth, like the spring and summer season,
Will pass away when its course is run
And that this applies to everyone?

Will I be content in my waning days,
Or will I look back with envious gaze?
Will I recollect with an air of content
That the life lived by me was a life well spent?

As I watched the old man, I wondered—

Dick Pearson

English Literature





The City

Josh closed the door behind him and walked slowly down the back stairs of the tenement in which he lived, through the alley and out to the sidewalk. He paused for a moment and lit a cigarette. Then without further hesitation, he turned and started down the street at a slow pace, not quite knowing where he was going. He walked aimlessly past groups of people who were sitting around on the front steps of their big brownstone houses. They sat and hoped for a gentle breeze to come and offer a moment's release from the intense, relentless heat that still kept surging upward from the cement of the sidewalks and streets even though the sun had gone down an hour ago and the sky showed promise of rain.

Josh walked on and on between the tall, depressing rows of buildings, and the shadow and darkness of the city. He felt as if there was a constant pressure working against him, smothering and suffocating him. Josh thought he would never become accustomed to the throbbing, active life of the city. It was so completely different from the life he had known. From his boyhood until only a few short weeks ago he had lived in a small southern town with his mother and several younger brothers and sisters. His father was dead. A lynching mob had taken his father away when Josh was still very small. But he was not so small that he couldn't remember the horror of it all. That experience left its mark on Josh and even now he couldn't forget that it had happened only because his father was of a different race.

Josh had not wanted to come to the city. It didn't represent the kind of world he wanted to live in. By nature, Josh was a slow and easy going person, and yet he was ambitious enough to make a way for himself even though there was a fight at every new step. Coming to the city was like entering another world for Josh. Life had not treated him too harshly in his younger days, at least as well as it had treated any others in his circle of friends and acquaintances. He was lacking in a formal education, but he was intelligent and could have gone a long way if only given the opportunity. And that was why he was here in the city, searching for the opportunities which he had missed in his earlier days and trying desperately to make up the precious time which had been lost. Perhaps, this is the reason why the tall buildings depressed him.





Out of the Past

Oh, for the glorious past when chivalry was in flower—when women were women and men were glad of it. A gentleman, then, was an ordinary figure instead of a rare phenomenon of the male species. A woman didn't have to be clever, well-educated, and glamorous to induce a proposal of marriage. She merely had to cook, sew, and have that "I need to be protected by a big, strong man like you" look.

Women were protected and in grand fashion too. Men, who have always been natural showoffs, doted on their major role of shield and defender. Men were the champions of knowledge, too. They knew about politics, were up to date in science, quite well-read in literature, and generally in the know about everything. Of course, it didn't take long for the women to discover this fact for themselves. They needed only engage a gentleman in conversation for a matter of five minutes, and he would surely state, quite frankly and emphatically, that he knew everything about anything that was worth knowing. Yes, man was superior, but being big hearted in his superiority, honored the mentally and physically inferior female with chivalrous manners and deeds.

Alas, we live in the present where men are too busy keeping ahead of the aggressive fairer sex to be bothered with the time-consuming, chivalrous customs. I'm afraid you spoiled a good thing with your "Women's Rights," Grandma. You had just as much influence and more service with your publically silent obscurity, and your use of private, powerful persuasive tactics to get what you wanted.

Connie Cryder

English 1

How to Manage a Jeep

When you speak of a jeep, you aren't speaking of an ordinary vehicle, not by any means. On the highway, a jeep will roll along as smoothly as any Model "A" Ford with the springs broken, but once you hit the back roads, oh brother! The jeep is in a class all its own with a distinctive personality. Some people have compared a jeep to a bucking broncho, no doubt because they have never ridden a bucking broncho. Believe me, I would rather tame a half dozen wild horses than try to manage one jeep.

To begin with, the basic principle is the same; that is to say, with either a horse or a jeep you just hang on and pray. There the similarity ends. A jeep, unlike a horse, will try to climb a tree if the rider, pardon me, driver is not alert. It doesn't step over rocks; it rolls over them. In my own personal jeep I had a safety belt, airplane type, installed and thereby managed to stay in the thing despite the hazards of rocks and holes. A horse will tire eventually, but not so a jeep. As long as there is gasoline in the tank a jeep will keep going without a sign of tiring or a let up in pace.

Jeeps come equipped with a convertible top which can be used in rainy weather, provided you have the safety belt fastened securely. Otherwise you may find your head sticking through the canvas top.

You can pull out of reasonably large mud holes by engaging the four-wheel drive that comes as part of the jeep's equipment. This four-wheel drive is necessary because a jeep doesn't have the sense to go around mud as does the horse, but would rather wallow through it just to see how far it can go without becoming hopelessly stuck.

I started to tell you how to manage a jeep and it seems I have been more descriptive than informative. However, all you need to know is just how to hang on and pray. Good luck.

Charles Piercing

English 1





Women Drivers

Women drivers are like colds. You can't avoid them. All you can do is take reasonable precautions against them. It is the purpose of this article to help you determine what precautions should be taken.

The first fact to bear in mind is that the female motorist acts in strict accordance with feminine psychology—a very unfortunate situation as far as traffic safety is concerned. Therefore, it would be well to adhere to the following suggestions:

1. If you observe a woman driver giving a signal, mechanical, physical, or in extreme cases, vocal—ignore it. A signal for a right turn could just as well mean a left turn. In fact, this is almost invariably the case. Occasionally, however, some women make a mistake and give a signal for a right turn and then actually do turn right. Therefore, to be absolutely safe, ignore all signals and act accordingly.
2. Do not attempt to drive in conformance with state laws. Ignore traffic signals. Women have a color code system peculiar to the feminine world. Briefly it is:
 - a. Red. Red practically means go. It is the unwritten rule of feminine motordom to look both ways while stopped for a red light at an intersection. If no one is coming faster than 60 mph, it is considered permissible to gradually begin creeping across the intersection.
 - b. Caution. This signal is interpreted to mean, "Is my face powdered and my lipstick on?" This calls for the customary search for the lipstick and compact that are inevitably hidden deep in the confines of a woman's purse. Fortunately performing this little toiletry is done fairly rapidly. The light generally does not change more than three or four times.
 - c. Green. This is the universal signal in the feminine code to kill the engine. In addition, for some reason known only in their shrewd, diabolical, cunning minds, some women add to the confusion by not only killing the engine, but by flooding it, also. After being pushed several blocks they usually are able to get their cars started again—at least, until they reach the next stop light.
3. Do not attempt to pass a woman driver—ever—anywhere, unless she is stopped. Even then proceed with extreme



Christ's Greatest Worker

The greatest life ever lived in this world, besides Christ's, was that of Paul. This was verified by Lenin, I believe, who said, "To rule the world, Christianity must be destroyed; and to destroy Christianity, the stories of the lives of Christ and Paul must be disposed of." Paul was always an energetic and conscientious worker. Even in the days before he was converted, Paul, or Saul, as he was then called, was very busy capturing and persecuting Christians. Once converted near Damascus, he worked without ceasing even harder preaching Christ crucified.

As further proof that Paul was a hard worker he made four long journeys throughout the territory between Rome and Damascus. This distance of over fifteen hundred miles was remarkable in those days. On these journeys Paul would travel from city to city preaching. The main places he visited were Rome in Italy; Thessalonica, Corinth, and Athens in Greece; Ephesus, Antioch, and Layconia in Asia; Tyre, Sedon, and Damascus in Syria. Certainly then, Paul was fully answering the commandment of Christ contained in Mark 28: 19-20: "Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you."

Paul was persistent. Although stoned, thrown into prison, left by his best friends, and questioned and tried by the most learned men of his time, he never admitted defeat or discouragement. By his refusal to admit defeat and by the help of Christ, he always managed to carry on.

One example of his brilliance was the speech he made at Athens in the midst of the Areopagus. In one part of the speech he said, "Ye men of Athens, in all things I perceive that ye are very religious. For as I passed along, and observed the objects of your worship, I found also an altar with the inscription, 'To An Unknown God.' What therefore ye worship in ignorance, this I set before you." (This quotation is found in Acts 17: 22-24.)

Besides making his journeys, Paul wrote many books. These are now known as the Acts, Romans, I and II Corinthians, Galatians, Ephesians, Philippians, Colossians, I and II Thessalonians, I and II Timothy, Titus, Philemon, and Hebrews. These books for



Joy of Danger

All about us are those who tremble not at the thoughts of danger, but, on the contrary, thrill themselves in death-defying manners which they enjoy.

Take for instance the stock car driver speeding around the track, while those who would rather see him over the bank in a heap look for every opportunity available to eliminate him from the running. He joys to feel the wind blowing into his face, and to hear the roar of his engine as he urges his "charger" on. He feels the pounding of his heart in his chest and temples, and his hands tremble as he grips the wheel and looks over his shoulder in an effort to see those who would be defiant enough to try to pass him. Around and around the track he goes, never picturing himself a bloody mass splattered over the inside of his car, or feeling the hot flames biting into his flesh as he lies in a mass of twisted steel and fire.

The mountain climber feels no fear as he hangs over a sheer wall of stone, and hears the cold wind whistling through the crevasses, while far below great masses of jagged stone point their dull heads upwards. To think a snap of a rope, a scream, and a tangled mass of blood and bones strewn about on the cold granite could be his fate. Thoughts such as these do not frighten him because all he thinks about is the sensation of climbing higher and higher, and the chance later to remark that man has conquered the mountain.

Then, too, one may look into the depths of the peaceful looking ocean where, far beneath the surface, a man swims boldly about looking for an unsuspecting fish to conquer. Clubs have been organized whose members descend into the sea with a carbon dioxide powered spear gun to hunt fish. Specimens up to three hundred pounds have been taken. The beauty of the fish and the coral reefs is like none other in the world. However, the danger of such people is no less than that of the others, for the shark or barracuda may become the hunter and one of our bold friends the prey. Then, too, a slimy eel could grab a diver from a coral cavern, and disable him so he would have no choice but to

Autobiography

I was born in a small town in central Illinois and lived there for the first fifteen years of my life. It was a typical small town at the close of an era which today we think of as being old fashioned.

I remember the farmers coming in for the free band concerts on Saturday night, and the noisy Model T Fords that they drove. The noise of the late-comers almost drowned out the band, but for some reason no one seemed to mind.

The lines of cars offered a wonderful place for all the small boys to congregate and before long the weekly game of tag would be in progress. This was no ordinary game, but rather one of skill and superior reasoning. We found that it was possible to hide under a car and then someone else discovered that by wrapping his legs around the drive shaft he could pull himself up between the drive shaft and the floor of the car. Of course this discovery made it necessary for the person who was "it" to inspect each and every drive shaft in the whole park. Someone else learned that he could climb onto the roof by means of the spare tire in the rear. Then by some careful gymnastics he could stretch out full length across the three metal supports that held the canvas roof up. This practice was later abandoned when one of my friends fell through the canvas roof and into the lap of a farm wife who gave him a slap on the ear that he still remembers.

During the week free movies were held in the park and of course we all attended. They were the old silent variety and not too good by present day standards, but we enjoyed them immensely. They ran mostly to cowboy thrillers and the hero would either be Tom Mix, Buck Jones, or William S. Hart. Occasionally there would be a Charlie Chaplin or Laurel and Hardy comedy.

Dances were also held two nights during the week and we would go over and watch these for a while. However, we usually left these early and went home to bed so that we could be up early the next morning to search for the discarded bottles. During prohibition the practice was to use and re-use the same bottle and so we collected them and were given a nickel for each bottle by the junk man that came through the alley once a week.



There was a strange code of ethics that dealt with these bottles. If you found one you could take it home and put it in the shed where you kept your more valuable possessions and no one would think of taking it, even though every boy in the neighborhood knew it was there. However, if you found one and didn't want to take it home you might try hiding it and hope that it would still be there when you returned. Of course you realized that the odds were tremendously against this ever being the case, since one group was usually followed by a second group just hoping that this would happen.

The town was divided by an imaginary line. On one side was Rabbit town; on the other was German town. Rabbit town was named after the abundance of rabbits that the early settlers found there, and German town was named after the early settlers. There existed a continual guerrilla war between the two groups and the highlight was the weekly rock fight. This was not a fight in which each person chose an opponent, but was rather one group against another. The only rule was that all firing ceased when one of the participants was knocked unconscious. This happened more often than you would imagine; we would all relax around the injured one so that any passing adult wouldn't realize that poor Johnny was stretched out in the exact center of the group one hundred percent unconscious.

A few times each year both groups united and carried on a combined war against a common objective. The objective was usually something of an edible nature such as a watermelon patch, an orchard, or a grape arbor. We must have been a problem to the farmers because they looked upon us as a swarm of human locusts and didn't hesitate to shoot in our general direction with a load of rock salt if given the opportunity. To be shot at was a sign of your courage, but to be hit branded you as a blundering idiot. Everyone soon learned to drop and crawl in between the rows to the edge of the field, and then disappear into the underbrush as silently as possible.

No doubt today we would be branded as nothing more than juvenile delinquents, but the same people who are doing the branding will laugh and tell you of the things they did when they were young.

Fred C. Dameron

English 1



A Deep Scar

As far back as I can remember, I have always been afraid of strange dogs. However, it seems that dogs were never the least bit frightened of me. Whenever I spotted a dog within ten yards, I turned and dashed away, determined that he would not taste of my flesh. I guess this action on my part made the dog decide I was worth something and he wasn't going to let me pass by untouched. In every case I was determined, and the dogs were determined. What happens when two determined objects meet? In my experience I found that a mere human with only two legs hasn't any hope of outrunning even the slowest of dogs, who has four legs.

Today I have a deep scar in my right leg where once a fast, hungry dog decided to close his jaws about a delicious piece of fresh meat. This particular dog was just a small one, but it's a lucky thing for me my bone stopped his teeth or he might have taken my whole leg with him. I don't think that dog, no matter how hungry he was, would have done such a thing if he would have known that as a result he was going to lose his own life. No, I didn't lose my leg, but the dog lost his life.

It all happened on a bright shiny day as I was going through the usual routine of passing my papers on my route. This day, just as every day, I was on the alert for strange dogs. You see, within the past two weeks, I had already been the object of four different dogs' affections; and I didn't feel quite ready for another attack. I began to feel very much at ease when I finally came to the last house on my route. Without any fear, I threw a paper on the porch and turned around to walk away. Just then, I heard a very familiar and dreaded sound. It was the terrible sound of a growling dog. By the time I turned around and discovered his ugly form lunging forward, he was snapping at my heels. I quickly headed for the nearest tree and tried to climb it, but it had no branches, and I could get no farther than a couple of feet off the ground. As I clung to the tree, the hungry dog fed himself on one of my legs. Finally, when the dog had completed his meal, he ran back under the porch and settled down to digest it.

Just exactly what happened to me immediately after this, I don't know; but somehow my parents were notified and I was brought to the doctor. The doctor took good care of my leg, and

the sheriff took even better care of that crazy old dog. But I still carry a memory of that dog with me today in the form of a deep scar in my leg.

Ronnie Peterson
English 1

The Eager Jitterbug to His Love

Come dance with me and be my love
And we will all the answers prove.
"Hot Lips" the trumpet will breathe out
Rafters echo with brassy shout.

Oh! You shall put on all your rocks,
Display them from your jewelry box.
And that soft sax, upon whose calls,
Melodious birds sing madrigals!

And I shall have a fan-fare played
For by thy charms, with love I'm swayed.
"Stardust" will descend on thee,
Come cut, my love, a tapestry.

A gown made of the finest wool
From Marshall Field's we gently pull.
Fair-lined slippers we are sold
With buckles of the finest gold!

A belt of straw and ivy buds
With coral clasps and amber studs—
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come dance with me and by my love.

Orchestral strains will fill the air—
For thy delight, gardenias fair.
If by these charms thy mind may move,
Then dance with me—we're in the groove!

Charlotte Wolcott
English Literature





American Life and Frank Sinatra

Americans are a rather amazing group of people. Some of the things they appreciate and the reasons for this appreciation are completely incomprehensible to non-American minds

Take, for instance, the place of so-called popular music and all that stems from it. The popular song is the one that is sung most frequently everyday by people of all ages. It is also the style of music that Americans constantly hear in all branches of entertainment. It is light, easy to understand, and easy to imitate. One of the more common types of this music is that style of singing, or playing, known as the ballad. The ballad is a romantic song that usually has the same melody for each stanza. It frequently mourns the loss or the longing for a specific "you," and is commonly rendered in romantic and longing tones by a male member of the ballad baritones.

A favorite of this group of ballad baritones is Frank Sinatra. In trying to reason out his meteoric success, a great deal of the nature of modern American life is brought into focus.

Sinatra rose from the ranks by his own boot straps. We Americans are quick to applaud someone who, regardless of his ability, proves that America is the land of opportunity. This is especially true when that someone comes from a relatively poor family and has no influential people engineering his success. It reassures all of us that we live in a land in which equal chance is available to all.

We are enthusiastic in our appreciation and we are quick to applaud a popular figure who is enthusiastic and determined. Sinatra possesses these qualities. He admits he cannot read music, yet he alone conceived the idea of conducting a symphony orchestra and was persuasive enough to carry through this idea. He not only turned out a very fine set of records, but also won the admiration and respect of the serious musicians under him.

At the time of Sinatra's sudden success, most Americans were worried about the war and their futures. Sinatra's easy going, relaxed style of singing released the high tension of his American listeners. His casualness was admired and recognized as a trait the Americans hoped someday to regain.

Sinatra's cocky attitude is still another manifestation of the modern American. He thinks his singing is excellent and says so. Many Americans also pride themselves on expressing their beliefs in their own abilities, or "blowing their own horns." The attitude seems to be, "If I talk about my own merits, others will recognize them and talk about them too."

Slang is a manner of speaking that is usually associated with Americans. Americans are always looking for new catch-words. Sinatra provided a wealth of new material to be added to America's slang vocabulary. It was new and different, and many teenagers liked the way Sinatra had of ending his sentences "hey." It gave them a chance to bring something new to the crowd.

Americans champion the underdog and when a national figure gets out and makes speeches for tolerance, and expresses in public what he believes in, and what we should believe in, we applaud him. When Sinatra went to Cary to make a speech for tolerance before a group of students, and when he made the movie "The House I Live In," we appreciated it and gave him a special Oscar for his efforts.

Another point in Sinatra's favor, and one close to American hearts, was the publicity given his family. Americans were constantly advertising love of home life, etc., and although we may not always practice what we preach, we like to see our public figures in a happy family setting.

All of these traits possessed, or thought to be possessed, by Sinatra are a few of the reasons why he has retained his popularity. For last but not least, Americans are addicted to hero worship, and the above mentioned traits with their parallels to Americans in general, are a few of the reasons why we hold such a person as Sinatra up for hero worship and public appreciation.

Gloria Stevens
English 1



Our Meaningless Grading System

Although I have taken almost three years of math and physics and chemistry, I have yet to see a gauge, scale, or ruler by which a person can measure knowledge, and yet teachers have seemed to be able to measure it. Often times I sit in wonderment, thinking of this "wonderful" or even "spectacular" scale teachers have set up. Actually no way has yet been found to measure knowledge; therefore grades are **not** true.

Why aren't grades true? Take, for instance, grades given on daily recitation. They only reveal how much of the assignment the student has **remembered**. Therefore it seems to me that teachers have invented an excellent scale for measuring memory, not knowledge. Memorizing isn't learning for the simple reason that the work memorized is soon forgotten, but material learned plays an active part in the rest of the student's life.

Grades can be affected by many other things. Perhaps during the course of study the teacher and student have a disagreement or the teacher doesn't like the rude remarks made by the student in class. The teacher resents these things and out of spite, a normal human phenomenon, lowers the grade. The student may receive for a grade "D", while in reality the student has acquired more than the average amount of knowledge concerning the course. What kind of scale are grades based on if the above happens at all?

Also, experiences of the student outside of school can have an effect on the grades. Perhaps the student had an argument with his parents the previous evening, which made him bitter the following day. The student's lack of attention, or supposed lack of attention, lack-a-daisical attitude and rude remarks, impress the wrong idea on the teacher and thus lower his grade.

Going back again to math or any subject for that matter, I was told that it is impossible to get something from nothing. Well, many of our grades are derived from "tests", and as long as no knowledge is gained from the test, how in the world can a teacher gauge knowledge when none is acquired? To me it is the ninth wonder of the world.

Something revolutionary must be done. An entirely new system must be put into use, but I will **not** endeavor to say what the new system should be. For the time being I'll leave that up to the more learned minds. But I will always advocate a different grading system until a new one is provided and proven to be true.

Ronald Manfred

English 1

Desirable Qualities of a Salesman

A salesman must possess certain desirable qualities in order to further his selling success. A well-dressed look and a pleasant smile are first impressional qualities, which will help the salesman to at least get his foot over some prospective buyer's threshold. A genuine interest in the customer, as well as in the product to be sold, will aid in the possible promotion of a sale. The salesman encounters all types of people throughout the day, most of them more disagreeable than inquisitive. To cope with this problem, a salesman must make use of his friendly and neighborly qualities, both in his first meeting with the customer, and throughout his sales talk. Politeness mingled with persuasiveness, in a sales talk, is sure to convey a good impression. The salesman who can deliver a talk in a casual manner, and yet drive home his point, and who can build up his product without the use of fantastic claims, has already acquired two important desirable qualities. These qualities will not only be an aid to the success of a salesman, but they will also help to make his work more enjoyable, and perhaps will help to decrease the number of doors slammed in his face.

Carolyn Tomazic

English 1





"Bubbles in the Wine"

A moment I'll never forget happened to me in Dallas, Texas. I was guest organist with the standing orchestra at the Adolphus Hotel. I remember that this particular night was an all-important night for the hotel. A prominent man in the city (by that I mean he owned almost every oil well around Dallas) was to have a party in the dining room. The man and his wife were celebrating their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary. Of course on the previous evening the management notified us of this fact. We, being courteous employees, got out a few of our best anniversary and sentimental numbers and thought nothing more about it. To the hotel it meant everything to have this big-wig for a guest.

On that particular day everything went along normally for me up until four o'clock in the afternoon. I was applying polish to my nails when the telephone rang. The person calling me was Mr. Big-Wig himself. He said,

"Miss Martis, you are the featured entertainer and you would make my wife and me very happy if you would play our favorite tune for one of your special numbers. And I should like to pay you and the others in the band amply for your courtesy. The tune is called, 'Bubbles in the Wine.'"

I didn't know the tune but I, of course, said I would be most happy to play it on my eight-thirty show. I had to say that or we would all be looking for other jobs. And, too, I felt quite certain the other musicians knew it or at least one did.

After I had hung up, I polished two more nails and on the fifth nail I started to think: suppose they don't know the song! And, knowing our boss, I spent the next half hour locating each member in the orchestra. None of the six nor even the singer knew it. Fifteen more minutes went by while we all hunted in vain for the old tune "Bubbles in the Wine." We had to be on stage at six o'clock and it was five o'clock already. So I suggested a last resort. I made a proposition. I told them I knew a pianist in New York City who should know the tune. I asked the band to help me pay the charge of the call, only if this musician knew the tune. If he didn't, I would pay it myself. They all knew that pleasing Mr. Big-Wig meant very much to the hotel management and their jobs depended on it, so they agreed to help finance the call.

We located the pianist and he gave us the tune note for note and also the words for our singer.

I don't remember the length of time we were on the phone but I do remember the price of the call. It was \$110.25. It was worth fifteen dollars apiece from all of us to keep our jobs. I also remember that I dressed for the first show in five minutes and was on stage with only five nails polished. We played "Bubbles in the Wine" in our eight-thirty show.

I didn't tell you, but I forgot all about the agreement between Mr. Big-Wig and me. At the end of the evening he sent an envelope up to us and in it was the amount of \$125 with a thank-you note. After paying the telephone call charges we had \$14.75 left—enough for sandwiches and coffee after the last show.

Lucille Martis

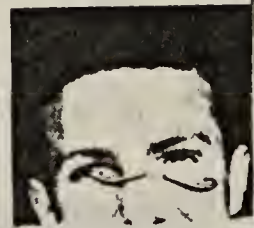
English 1

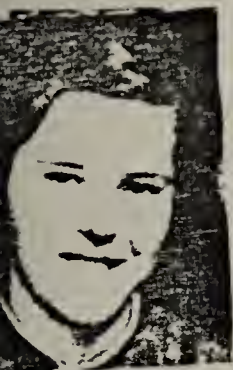
Upward Rather Than Downward

Education is like a snowball, which starts its journey down a mountain as a very small ball of snow. It grows larger and larger and rolls faster and faster as it proceeds downward. Obstacles in its path are overcome. Finally, the snowball, very large now, is on its last leg of its journey. It rolls down the slope onto a level piece of ground and moves to a slow stop. Education may start in an elementary reader. In this reader an interest is born. The interest starts the ball rolling, but unlike the snowball, it starts from the bottom and goes upward rather than downward. Education may stop when the goal is reached. Even then something might jar the snowball loose and start the ball rolling again.

Donald Olson

Rhetoric 1





The Love of Life

I feel that it's a pretty safe statement to say that almost everyone enjoys life. As for loving it, I don't quite see how one could love life, because life is a state of being. One doesn't love the state, but one loves being in that state. Therefore one would not love life, but would love living.

Some people love living so much that they have time for little else, such as thoughts of death, anxiety for the future, or regrets for the past. I believe such persons to be the happiest persons on the Earth.

A person who loves living the most is the one who lives highest and most dangerously, who takes the most risks with his life. He gets exhilaration out of living. His life becomes more precious to him than to one who lives a quiet, well-ordered existence.

One who loves living does not fear death; he is too busy living. He leaves it to fate to care for his health and well-being. He doesn't worry about trifles of precautions, diets, or other restraints. He is more concerned about his fellow man and his well-being because he has more time than a fear driven person who is constantly worrying over his own life. That which he can handle, that which he has control over, he goes forth to meet courageously and free of care; that over which he has no control he leaves to a Higher Power.

A person who loved living would not be afraid of death, nor even dread it as an end to living. In the chapter life was set forth as "a Permanent Possibility of Sensation." Therefore death would be one of the "Possibilities of Sensation." Death would merely be a chapter in life. Some people believe it to be the last chapter; others do not. Those who believe in life after death have an eternity of living ahead of them. For if life is enjoyable and lovable Here, it is beyond comprehension of enjoyment There.

In my interpretation of the story, the love of living was symbolized by "Aes Triplex" or the triple bronze and the "fierce sea" would be life. The frail bark is the person himself. The quotation, to me, is then changed to read, "He was armed with oak and love of living who first entrusted himself to life."

Norma Dick
English 2



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